

POEM,
DEDICATED BY THE BOARD OF THE
BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
TO THE
WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THEIR UNTIRING EFFORTS
IN THE CAUSE OF BRITISH
WEST INDIA
EMANCIPATION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

1839.

C

Gift of
Rev. Wm Patton

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2.113

EMANCIPATION.

Not of the flowery plains of Thessaly,
Where soft Penens glides to meet the sea,
Nor mild Erato, who of love may sing,
And make fair Tempe's plains ring echoing;
Nor yet of loved Feronia's walks and groves,
Where fabled nymphs and sybils oft repose;
Nor yet of famed Hippocrene we talk,
Where oft Apollo and the Muses walked;
Nor Latian plain, nor Dido do we sing,—
For these, no hallowed offering would we bring;
But, to BRITANNIA'S DAUGHTERS, here we
raise
A song of joy, of triumph, and of praise.

E'er since creation into being woke,—
E'er since from chaos star and planet broke,—
E'er since in Eden Woman graced the soil,
Help-meet for man in wretchedness and toil:
E'er since those days, her hand hath led the
 way
To sooth the sorrows incident to clay.

Did Burnah cry, did China's millions weep,
Did Famine o'er the earth destruction sweep,
Did the poor Pagan mother cast away
Her helpless babe, to crocodiles a prey,
Did Hindoo widow mount the pile to die,
Did Juggernaut's crushed millions heave a sigh,
Did Greenland cast a wishful glance around,
Did Otaheite receive no joyful sound,—
If these besought, say, when did Woman fail
To lend an ear, or heed the sorrowing tale?
Who swifter on the wing of love, t' impart
A ray of comfort to each fainting heart?
Witness, thou grave beneath the Hopia tree!
Witness, ye winds, that wafted o'er the sea
A thousand barks, that bore from Christian lands
Those truthful women to yon coral strands!
Behold a Harriet and an Anna bear
The tidings of the Cross to millions there,

Braving the dangers of the restless flood,—
Planting the Cross where late Pagodas stood !
Nor they alone. Behold the multitude
From East and West, that dared the solitude,
Where naught for ages had been heard to rise,
Save songs to Boodh, or vile blasphemous cries.

And now in later day, when man has riven
Those holy ties, by God and Nature given,
And impious hands on human heart-strings laid,
And for the priceless soul, a price hath paid,—
Who hath arisen o'er the Atlantic wave,
To plead for Right, for Freedom, for the Slave ?
'Tis Woman speaks, and lo ! at her command
Free and erect eight hundred thousand stand !
Eight hundred thousand hearts beat high and
strong,

While peals the echoing anthem loud and long,
Of joy immense, immeasurable, deep,—
For Afric's sire no longer vigil keeps,
Lest by the hand of Britain's sons, is grasped
The dear, dear idol, to his bosom clasped.
She to whom God hath joined his inmost heart,
And bid them never, never, never part,—
In whose mild eye a heaven of love is seen,
Whose words, and looks, and actions, all serene,

Tell of the joy that flows within her breast
And the calm sunshine of a heart at rest;—
Since by her God is given that guardian hand,
To guide her wanderings through this desert
land,

And in sweet, mutual love to seek that shore,
Where sorrow, grief and wandering are no more.

And now no more shall she whom God hath
framed

Lower than angel, and hath woman named,
To the dense field or cane-brake wend her way,
Ere morning stars have ushered in the day.
No longer shall the babe unnursed, unblest,
Be left to grieve,—of every joy bereft,
Wasting in piteous moans its infant breath,
Till by the kind commissioned hand of death,
Its soul enfranchised, loosed from cumbrous clay,
Soars forth and sings through an eternal day—
No sister weep in bitterness untold,
For the fond brother in the shamble sold;
No brother curse the stars that led them o'er
The restless deep, to Slavery's hated shore.

No longer shall the floating grave be seen,
Cutting her way from Afric's golden streams;

Nor son with agony on Congo's shore,
Weep for the sire that shall return no more,—
That sire who taught him o'er the field to lie,
And with the swiftness of the leopard vie;
That bade him mark the spring-bok in his flight,
Or hunt the ostrich for his plumage white.

No father now, in bitterness of grief,
Beneath the welcome wave shall seek relief,
Clasping, with frenzied grasp, the boy whose
eye

But yesterday with the gazelle could vie—
But now, alas ! its lustre dimmed with tears,
And all his little soul benumbed with fears,
Weeps for his mother's breast, on which to lay
His aching head, and sleep his griefs away.
“ My boy,” he cries, “ behold relief from wo,
To our own sunny plain we go, we go !”
And straight he plunges in the heaving surge,
Destined to be his winding sheet and dirge.
A plash is heard,—the boy and father sleep
Till resurrection trump awakes the deep !

See yonder, where those cloud-capp'd mountains
peep
Above the waves,—there fair Jamaica sleeps.

As o'er that isle I straying lost my guide,
I came where rolls Atlantic's foaming tide,
A low soft moan, that floated on the breeze,
Died on the air, yet lingered in the trees,—
Told of some heart torn bitterly with grief,
Some heart that sought in vain for sweet relief:
'T was Zaza, captured from beyond the wave;
She languished now a lone and hapless slave.
List to her tale—its soft and simple strain
Touched me with grief, as to my ear it came;
Made the tear tremble in my glistening eye,
Sickened my heart, and called forth many a sigh.

Far on Jamaica's shore, an exile left,
Of mother, sister, lover, all bereft,
By the Blue Mountain side she sorrowing crept,
Gazed on the sky, the ocean wave, and wept.
Thoughts of the past came o'er her, as she stood
Gazing across the blue and briny flood;
Thoughts of those days, when free as mountain
 air,
She bound the wild flower in her braided hair,—
Led forth her sire, whose tottering footsteps
 pressed
Hard on the grave, but yet in love caressed, (1)
Seated him near the citron grove, and sought
Its choicest fruit,—then with affection brought

The cooling draught from freshest cocoa's shell,
While he some tale of olden times would tell!

These are the days, and these the visions bright
That memory crowded on her 'wildered sight—
These like a torrent o'er her spirit came,
Quickened the blood within her languid vein,
Summoned each spot enshrined within her breast,
'Till in wild notes she thus her grief expressed:

My country, my country !

How long I for thee,

Over the mountain,

Far over the sea—

Where the sweet Joliba

Kisses the shore,

Say, shall I wander

By thee never more?

My country, my country! how long I for thee,

Over the mountain, far over the sea!

Say, O fond Zurima,

Where dost thou stay ?

Say, doth another

List to thy sweet lay ?

Say, doth the orange
Still bloom near our cot ?
Zurima, Zurima,
Am I forgot ?

My country, my country ! how long I for thee,
Over the mountain, far over the sea !

Under the baobab (2)
Oft have I slept,
Fanned by sweet breezes
That over me swept.
Often in dreams
Do my weary limbs lay
'Neath the same baobab,
Far, far away.

My country, my country ! how long I for thee,
Over the mountain, far over the sea !

O for the breath
Of our own waving palm,
Here as I languish
My spirit to calm,—
O for a draught
From our own cooling lake,
Brought by sweet mother
My spirit to wake.

My country, my country ! how long I for thee,
Over the mountain, far over the sea !

Thus sang the captive on Jamaica's strand,
Thus languish'd for her own, her native land,
Thus wept for all the loved, the lost, the dear,
Thus sighing went, for many a long, long year.
But sighs, and tears, and languishing were vain,
Still, *still*, she felt the lash and wore the chain;
Still, morn by morn, she wandered forth to toil,
Knowing no rest, on slavery's blighted soil.

O woman, in your hour of joyous mirth,
Think you of Zaza's desolated hearth ?
Think you of that fond mother, 'neath the shade
Of Afric's cot, who in the grave is laid,
Because her child is not, nor e'er will come
To her fond heart, her own familiar home ?
Think you of her, and by the grace that's given,
Implore for her, a benison of heaven !

The sun had bid good night to vale and fount,
And kissed the hill top, tree, and lofty mount;
Slowly and soft, it faded from the west,
And left "tired nature" to its peaceful rest.

Night's silvery queen in mildest radiance rose,
Looked forth on grove, and wood, that sought
 repose,
Smiled on the captive, that with weary feet,
Came slowly to his cabin door, to greet
No wife with tender smile, nor baby boy
With laughing eye and newly furnished toy;
No neat spread table, waiting for its lord,
No holy book, the book of life, the word
That with its glorious light shines out afar,
To guide the wanderer to fair Bethlehem's star.
No, these ne'er waited for the slave's return,
For him, no hearth, with glowing embers burn,
But wretched, desolate, and well nigh spent,
He reached his hut, and to his soul gave vent.

He was a Hercules in form,
With sullen step, and slow;
His brow was knit, as if a storm
Were gathering below.
His eye of eagle ken was fixed
Upon the thirsty ground,
And ever and anon it flashed,
And rolled its full orb round;—

As if a fire were lighted up
Within his heaving breast,
That burned like Etna's fiercest flame,
And would not be suppressed.
The thought of home and boyhood's days
Came o'er him, as he went
To his lone hut of wretchedness,
And to his soul it sent

A tide of burning thoughts, that swelled
The blood within his veins;—
Large drops stood thick upon his brow,
And fell upon the chain
That bound his hand and clasped his foot,
To make his bondage sure—
A bondage which his soul abhorred,
Nor would he long endure.

He bent his noble form, and passed
Within his cabin door,
And cast his giant frame along
The ground, its only floor.
His soul as with a serpent stung,
In memory of his woes,
Aroused, and bursting forth in wrath,
Thus cursed his chains and foes!

Clank, clank, this cursed chain upon my heel,
I hate its everlasting din, I'll dash
It from me! Fool that I am, it still cleaves
To my fretted heel. Look, there the callous
On that ankle. Day after day, and night
On night its grating sound is heard, and when
For one blest hour in dreams I wander, to
Caffraria's shore, and spy our hut, sweet hut
Of peace, and spring to meet sweet Matala
Just issuing from the shed, then its clank,
Like some grim ghost forever haunting me,
Echoes, Slave! as if to mock me in my
Misery, and taunt me with my wo and
Wretchedness.

O Yardee, could'st thou think that
E'er the white man's leprous hand would bind
this

Foot, that fleet as deer's hath sped from rock to
Rock, on far Caffraria's sand? That cursed
Fetters would make fast these hands, that oft
have

Been embedded in the heart's blood of the
Fierce tiger, and hath grappled with the dark
Eyed leopard, bidding defiance to his
Brawny jaws? That these huge limbs would
writhe in

Anguish 'neath the clotted lash of that
Foul demon, who would fain subject *this soul*
To his dominion ?

O cursed, cursed
Breeze that wafted o'er the darkling sea that
Hellish bark, that bore me from my babes and
Loved Matala's side! I will no longer
Be the Briton's slave,—ere the sun strides the
Heaven again, I'll be my own, I'll
Skim across the bounding wave, and wander
O'er Caffraria's sand.—*I will be free!*
By the gods my fathers worshipped, by the
Singhisse who hath said, my father from
The spirit land bid me awake and reign
A prince, I swear, these sinews *shall be free!*

Amazed I stood, long wondering at the sight
Of that fierce spirit, stricken in its might;
And lo, the village clock told twelve; the hour
When wood, and grove, and every leafy bower,
Stands and adores the great and holy One.
Who mid yon starry height, hath fixed his glo-
rious throne!
Though late, I slowly musing passed along,
When lo, upon my ear there fell a song.
Its sweet and hallowed music melting came
From a low cabin, near the sugar cane!

I paused, and listened at the lowly shed,
There lay poor Goza on his dying bed;
His faithful wife was watching by his side,
While from her eyes there gushed a briny tide.
Poor Goza ope'd his eyes, and faintly said,
“Weep not for me, fond Isa, when I’m dead,
For high above yon beauteous moon I’ll rove,
Amid those stars of light and fields of love!
Often I’ll visit thee, if God permit,
And often by thy side in silence sit;
Often I’ll whisper thoughts of heaven and love,
Thoughts that fill angel hearts, in bowers above.
I’ll watch thee when thou goest forth to toil;
I’ll watch our boy, when on the dewy soil
Thou lay’st him down, alone to pass away
His infant hours, in childishness and play.”

“O leave me not, my Goza,” said the wife,
“Without thee, *naught is left to me of life*.—
Let me go with thee, to that heaven of love,
Those seats of glory and those bowers above!”
“Cease, gentle Isa,” said the dying slave,
“He, he who came from heaven to seek and

save

The lost and wretched from a world of woe,
’Tis he commands, and now to him I go—

Soon thou shalt meet me in that heavenly land,
Where radiant like the sun, the beauteous band
Of saints, in one glad voice take up the lay,
And joyous sing through an eternal day !”

The damps of death were settling on his face,
And soon would Goza end his earthly race;—
Poor Isa wiped the damps of death away,
Then kneeling, wept, and prayed, and oft would
say,

“ O leave me not ! but heaven, I wait thy will—
Bid, Lord, the tumult of my soul be still—
Calm my sad heart, nor take his soul away,
Till once more he hath blest me, let him stay.”

“ Dear Isa, soon I leave thee,” Goza said,
Raising his hand from off his lowly bed,

“ I leave thee, but thy Savior will befriend,
O ever on him may thy soul depend.

Come, sing once more the song we *used to*
sing

When day was done, and evening’s shadowy
wing

Came o’er us; oft you know we used to weep,
As here we sat, and gazed across the deep.

It is a song that tells of glassy seas,
Of palms of victory, and immortal trees,

Of crowns of gold, and glorious shining things,
And music's never tiring echoings!

O holy place, where God, our God is seen,
Without a veil, or cloud, or glass between;
Where, face to face, our eyes behold our king,
And hallelujah strains are echoing !

Where angels cry, 'Thou holy, holy Lord,'
Clap their glad wings, adore the eternal word,
And with cherubic sweetness tune the song,
That through heaven's high battalion floats
along!

How doth my spirit pant, yea, half expire,
To swell that song, to touch the golden wire,—
But more to meet that smile, whose radiant light
Encircles heaven with beams divinely bright.

'There God shall wipe the tears of grief away,
And songs of gladsome joy fill up the day;
No night e'er comes beyond the dreary tomb,
For heaven's own light shall dissipate the gloom.

That glassy tide I long to see,
Those maidens clad in white,

With palms of victory waving o'er
Their crowns, with glory bright.

I see, I see, those heavenly streets,
Of pure and shining glass,
I hear the music of the blest,
As through the gates they pass!"

He more had sung, but nature spent,
Forbad a longer stay,
For lo, his quivering lips were closed,
His soul had passed away!

Poor Isa pressed her boy, then fainting fell
Upon the leafy bed—but who may tell
The sorrows of her heart, when she awoke,
And o'er the stillness of the morning broke
A consciousness of her lone, widow'd lot—
A slave in chains, forsaken and forgot.

These are the griefs Brittania's daughters heal,
This, this the triumph, this the glorious weal
To Afric given!—Behold them, as they wake
From *things* to *men*, that *long deep silence*
break,
And with glad heart their all of life they bring,
Toss their *free* arms, and thus exulting sing:—

Hark! hear ye not a voice,
Wafted across the sea,
Let bond and shackle fall,
And sound a jubilee.

Thus saith Britannia, o'er the waves,
No longer be my children slaves!

List to the pealing bell,
It speaks a heavenly hour;
O God, we own the sway
Of Freedom's holy power.
Britannia speaks, we hear her voice,
We rise, we waken, we rejoice!

No longer shall our babes
Beneath the palm tree sigh,
Nor wife beneath the lash,
Wither, and droop, and die.
Britannia speaks, and at her word,
The falling lash no more is heard.

Sweet Liberty, thy voice
Is music to our ears;
See, youth and maid rejoice,
E'en through their glistening tears!
Britannia's daughters weep, and lo!
Our burning tears have ceased to flow.

The sun new radiance pours,
And earth, and air, and sea,
In one united voice,
Tell of our jubilee.

Britannia speaks, and it is done,
Almighty God, thy Freemen come.

With holy heart and voice,
Thy name, O Lord, we praise,
Who doth such wondrous things,
Beyond our thoughts and ways.
Glory to God, who makes us free,
Re-echo round from shore to sea! (3.)

To thee, Britannia. Empress of the sea,
We waft our grateful thanks, to thee, to thee;
Joyful in God, that WOMAN'S voice arose,
To soothe the griefs, assuage the wrongs, the
woes,
That age on age hath numbered, since the night
Vile Hawkin's (4) bark receded from the sight
Of Britain's shore, and o'er the restless deep
Wending her way, came where Numidia sleeps,
And with dire haste filled up the accursed den,—
O, name it not,—with SLAVES AND SOULS OF
MEN !

Thanks to thee, Mary, for that generous heart,
That, in the negro's wo could share a part;
Could make a sister's sufferings all thine own,
And bear them daily to that burning throne
Of heavenly grace, of purity and love,
Where sits the Father, Son, and Holy Dove,
Giving sweet audience to the prayer of *all*,
Or bond, or free, who'er may on Him call.

Yes, we will bless thee—though no longer near,
Still to our inmost spirits art thou dear;
We look on thee, and in thy sainted light
Fresh courage stirs, our faith is turned to sight.
For who but thee, by heaven's unerring hand,
Didst wake those spirits that have moved a land,
Sunk in "Cimmerian darkness," forging chains
To wring the life-blood from poor Afric's veins !

To Thee, O Father, helper, guardian, guide,
Come our full souls, with an o'erflowing tide,—
We give THEE thanks that when the blood of
 beast,
Or babbling brook, or white-robed mitred Priest,
Or ashes of an heifer, sprinkled o'er
The book, the priest, and tabernacle floor
Could no atonement make, that then the door

Of joy eternal was wide open flung,
As on the cross a sorrowing victim hung,
And poured a crimson flood, a sacred stream,
Where ALL may wash, and be forever clean.

That holy land, which sainted feet have trod,
Where lived and walked the immortal Son of
God,—

That cross on Calvary's summit, yea the tomb
Concealed within that garden's leafy gloom,—
The wave of Gallilee, Genesseret,
Where the sun's rays in mildest radiance met,
Had *they* a voice, would speak of Woman's toil
For Him who bore our griefs, on Palestina's soil!

O, ever thus may Woman joy to find
Her lot with those, who, suffering for mankind,
Rejoice that they are made partakers true,
With Him who grasped the cross, and in full
view

Of all the glory yet to be revealed,
Despised the shame, and with his heart's blood
sealed

The Testament of love to man below,
Of Peace, that with eternal years shall flow !

NOTES.

(1.) The Africans have great veneration for the aged, and treat them with the utmost tenderness.

(2.) Baobab, or calabash tree. It has a mass of foliage at the top, 120 feet in diameter.

(3.) Thome and Kimball, in their work entitled "Emancipation in the West Indies," remark, "To convey to the reader some idea of the manner in which the great crisis passed, we give the substance of several accounts which were related to us in different parts of the island, by those who witnessed them.

"The Wesleyans kept 'watch-night' in all their chapels on the night of the 31st July. One of the Wesleyan missionaries gave us an account of the watch-meeting at the chapel in St. John's. The spacious house was filled with the candidates for liberty. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy; and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamations of thanksgiving and praise, and bless-

ing, and honor, and glory to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees and receive the boon of freedom in silence. Accordingly, as the loud bell tolled its first note, the immense assembly fell prostrate on their knees. All was silence, save the quivering, half-stifled breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell upon the multitude; peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart-strings. Scarcely had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightning flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire and trump of jubilee! A moment of profoundest silence passed—then came the *burst*—they broke forth in prayer, they shouted, they sung, 'Glory,' 'alleluia'; they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands; but high above the whole there was a mighty sound which ever and anon swelled up; it was the utterings in broken negro dialect of gratitude to God.

"At Grace Hill, another Moravian station, the negroes went to the missionary on the day before the first of August, and begged that they might be

allowed to have a meeting in the chapel at sunrise. It is the usual practice among the Moravians to hold but one sunrise meeting during the year, and that is on the morning of Easter: but as the people besought very earnestly for this special favor on the Easter morning of their freedom, it was granted to them.

“Early in the morning they assembled at the chapel. For some time they sat in perfect silence. The missionary then proposed that they should kneel down and sing. The whole audience fell upon their knees, and sung a hymn commencing with the following verse:

‘Now let us praise the Lord,
With body, soul and spirit.
Who doth such wondrous things,
Beyond our sense and merit.’

“The singing was frequently interrupted with the tears and sobbings of the melted people, until finally it was wholly arrested, and a tumult of emotion overwhelmed the congregation.”

(4.) Captain Hawkins was the *first* Englishman who disgraced himself and country, by trading in slaves. Assisted by wealthy individuals in London, he fitted out three ships, sailed to Africa, burned and plundered towns, and carried three hundred of the inhabitants to Hispaniola.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST,
1838.

Loud Hosannas,
Wave your banners,
Sound the tramp of Jubilee !
Thousands springing
Forth are singing,
Sweet is Freedom—WE ARE FREE !

From the mountain,
Vale and fountain,
From each shady grove and dell,
List! arising,
Joy surprising,
Which shall Britain's glory swell!

Oh, the glory
Of the story!
Freemen, hail the blissful morning;
See ye not the heavenly dawning?
 Tyrants quiver—
 Shackles shiver—
Freedom's triumph hath begun!

Glorious hour,
Which the power
Of thine arm, O Lord, hath given,
 Soon shall waken
 Those forsaken,
Those whose spirits *still* are riven.

Holy Father, speed the day,
Hold thee on thy conquering way,
Then from grateful hearts shall rise
Hallelujahs to the skies:—
We'll praise Thee, we'll praise Thee,
 Thou glorious, conquering One!
We'll praise Thee, we'll praise Thee,
 Thou glorious conquering One!
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

AMELIA.

O D E ,

WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST,
1839.

Heard ye that note of gladness
Come echoing o'er the deep,
From where, on ocean's bosom,
Those verdant Islands sleep ?
Heard ye that shout of triumph
Burst forth o'er land and sea,
While hill-top, grove and fountain
Blend in sweet symphony !

Heard ye that Alleluia
Sweep joyfully along ?
Say, heard ye not a nation
Sing a triumphant song ?
'Twas thousand hearts awaking
To freedom, life and hope,
Rang out those notes of gladness
That o'er old ocean float.

Jamaica's cloud-capped mountain,—
Antigua's winding glade,—
Barbadoes' purling fountain,
Tell of sweet freedom's shade !
Old men and infant voices
In one vast chorus raise,
Like mighty rushing waters,
A shout of joy and praise !

O Africa, thy daughters
To-day shall joyous sing,
Thy palmy plains and waters
Shall ring loud echoing !
From far Caffraria's border,
To where the Corsair hies,—
Peace rest on all thy hamlets,
Behold, THE DAY-STAR RISE !

AMELIA.

SLAVERY.

And there were solemn gatherings in the sky,
Of those pure spirits which to man are given,
'To guide his wayward footsteps to the high
And perfect bliss of an eternal heaven.

They spoke of that pure being God had made
In his own image, and to bear his form;
How from the path of radiance he strayed,
And changed, for night, the gladly beaming morn.

They spoke of a dark stain of guilt, which lay
On man's fair brow, in this wide western land;
How, from his brother's eye, he barred the day
Of freedom, with a high, usurping hand,

And crushed the holiest feelings of his soul,
The best and noblest thing that God hath made;
And caused the waves of wretchedness to roll
O'er the sad children of a darker shade.

To these benighted ones they bent their way,
To cheer them in their loneliness and gloom;
And raise their eyes to a faint glimmering ray,
Which, in full joy, shall burst upon them soon.

But to the soul of him who binds in chains
His brother, fashioned by the same kind hand
That showered on him affection's gentle rains,
And bound their once soft hearts with love's firm
bands.

They whispered in the stillness of the night,
Or in the busy hour of noontide's heat,
Of an avenging power, an arm of might,
That for his lips a cup of wo will mete.

Oh! spirits of the air! let your bright wings
Fan from our world away this blighting stain;
And the sad captive turn his sorrowings
Into glad praise, in Freedom's holy fane.

HARRIET CATHARINE GREW.

OPPRESSION.

The shadows of a summer eve
 Played on the verdant grass;
When on the dewy southern breeze,
 I heard a low sound pass.

Oh ! 't was a soft and gentle tone,
 Yet fraught with bitter pain;
It told of those, who, sad and lone,
 Toil for a tyrant's gain.

I heard the strain of bitterness;
 I heard the captive's sigh,
And bade my heart forget it not
 Ere in the grave it lie.

HARRIET CATHARINE GREW.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

See you yon man ?
 With lofty brow and mien ? Mark you that smile
 That plays, like a cold northern light, about
 A countenance of all its loveliness
 Bereft ? See you that poor victim at his
 Feet, writhing in agony under the
 Keen lash plied at his command. Her stifled
 Groans bespeak the anguish of a breaking
 Heart. * * * * * *
 That victim is a Slave—a Mother—Wife,
 She is bereft ! bereft by him who smiles
 Upon her anguish ! Her husband long since sold
 From her embrace ! Her little daughter, the
 Sole and smiling solace of her widow'd
 Heart, is just now sold to be the victim
 Of a brutal lord. * * * *
 Her night before was dark : but this lone star
 Remained to shine upon her pathway. She
 Gazed upon it,—gathered all its rays, and
 Oh forgot the darkness round her—But it

Has set to her, and all is darkness now.
Not one ray of light breaks in to cheer the
Sadness of her soul. Strange pangs do rend her
Mother-heart. And that keen lash is plied to
Still the throes and struggles of her dying
Hope. * * * * * You weep !
Thank God, another and a better weeps.
O yes ! that wretched, helpless woman has
A Brother, who though unseen, looks on
And sees her griefs and feels her pain, and all
His bowels melt with sympathizing love.
And when that ruthless spoiler of her joys
(Who now so coolly smiles upon the poor
Crushed victim of his hate) shall stand before
The throne of God for Judgment ! she shall sit
At God's right hand ; and he shall recognize
Her brother in his Judge !

BOSTON, DEC. 16, 1839.